

Riding with Grandfather Hadfield

While Delivering the Mail

By Dorace Hadfield Johnson

Years later, Dorace Hadfield (daughter of Horace) writes about her ride with William her grandfather in delivering the mail.

“ On occasional afternoons, I ate lunch with Grandpa and Grandma Hadfield. I would then climb into the seat of honor (some call it the passenger seat) in Grandpa’s old black car. We then waved good-bye to Grandma and continued on around the mail-route.”

“To a five year old girl this was magic of the best kind. I got to hold the bundles of sorted mail with their tight brown leather straps around them and was allowed to put letters and magazines into the appropriate mail-boxes. As Grandpa drove we sang and talked and had a grand time.”

“At the beginning to one of these journeys, Grandpa reached into one of the mail pouches and, with a twinkle in his eye, asked me to ‘take good care of this package’. And what a package it was! It was a little wooden crate with a tiny green turtle crawling around inside. Someone far away in a place called California was sending this turtle to the Clark Nelson children. I held it carefully all the way out over the river bridge past the other side and then back over the river and through Evansville (an area so named because of many families in the locality).

At Nelsons I had a hard time putting my new friend in that old mailbox. Grandpa smiled at me and explained that things in the mail don’t belong to us and that someone was trusting he and I to deliver their package. I was so sad that it took a banana Popsicle from Jess Foxs’ little store to mend my broken heart.”